

Lighthouse Day

Story: Lighthouse Day

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/3636470/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Felix

Author: Yuja

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/389992/>

Last updated: 07/05/2007

Words: 1050

Rating: K+

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: It was perhaps the most commonly said phrase for an entire span of 24 hours, and everyone knew what it referred to. For those who had been involved in the action, however, the saying held the greatest meaning. Oneshot for 4th of July, post TLA. [Now on AO3 with revisions and correct formatting]

***Chapter 1*: Lighthouse Day**

Lighthouse Day

Oneshot for the 4th of July (Independence Day here in the US), and all written while listening to "This is Your Life" by Switchfoot. On infinite loop. For probably way too many hours to be healthy. Whee! Basically, it's the result of one of my recent "sit down and write whatever you feel like writing, and worry about editing later" nights, and I guess this is what happens when I spend an evening watching Revolutionary War documentaries on the History Channel. Just don't jump down my throat if it's not the greatest or has errors galore, please. n.n; Pretty much minimal thought or planning went into this, and I didn't put it through the usual rounds of obsessive proofreading and editing. I did try to keep it neutral on pairings and whatever might have happened after TLA, though.

Happy Independence Day! Hopefully everyone was careful not to maim or blow up anything (important) with all the fireworks. X3

Disclaimer: I don't own Golden Sun. Duh. Nuff said.

&&&&&&&&&&

"Happy Lighthouse Day!"

It was perhaps the most commonly said phrase for an entire span of twenty-four hours, and everyone knew what it referred to. Even those who had never heard of the Elemental Lighthouses before the lightings happened were saying it. For those who had been involved in the action, however, the saying held the greatest meaning.

It put everything into a simple, easy to say *hand basket*, for Sol's sake. Every trial, every sacrifice, every smiling face and fallen tear. It was all there. And hardly more than a few dozen living people knew the real meaning.

Happy Lighthouse Day. Happy Golden Sun Day. Happy Prophecy Day. Happy Alchemy Day. Happy Stone of Sages Day. No one had really decided yet on the name that would stick to the occasion, but the one thing that was agreed on was that it was the anniversary of the Lighthouses being lit, and that it was important enough to warrant a holiday.

That wasn't what they should've been saying, anyways.

Happy Think-Your-Family-is-Dead-for-Three-Years Day, Jenna. Happy Chase-Your-Dead-Friend-Brought-Back-to-Life-Around-the-World Day, Garet. Happy Betrayal-by-Apprentice Day, Mia. Happy Imprisoned-to-Force-Enslavement Day, Sheba. Happy Banishment-from-Your-Homeland Day, Piers. Happy Find-Out-You-Have-a-Detached-Sister Day, Ivan. Happy Kill-Your-Father-to-Save-Mankind Day, Isaac.

There. That was more like it.

And Happy Watch-Your-Friends-Kill-Your-Other-Friends Day. That was his.

"Felix?" The named young man started, but did little more than give a sideways glance. "Are you... well?"

It was a simple question, so why did it seem so hard to answer? "Yeah, Piers. I'm fine."

Piers was silent for a moment, probably still watching him. Quiet words could occasionally be heard being exchanged between the others present, but they were all facing south for the most part. For what little was left of Mount Aleph's

summit, it still gave a descent view of miles upon miles, in any direction you might want to look. Felix... he was looking north. Had been for a while now.

"What are you thinking about?"

Felix sighed. The tone of the Lemurian's voice said he was speaking with a straight face, but also with the mild curiosity that never seemed to leave him. "I don't know." *Everything. I'm thinking about everything.*

Later, they would all gather at the guest home, built in New Vale for the sole purpose of housing any visiting heroes from out of town. Drinks were passed around, though none contained a trace of alcohol. Some of those present were still too young, according to their guardians, and some others just couldn't face the memories if not sober. Believe them. They had tried it already.

Then the toasts were made. "To every person we met, and every obstacle we overcame," declared Isaac, raising his glass in unison with everyone else.

"And every butt we kicked on the way!" piped in Garet, giving his drink an extra lift before downing it. Most of the others chuckled and followed suit, then fell into retelling accounts from their adventures.

"Oh! Oh!" Jenna almost spilled her drink, jumping at the chance to share one of her memories. "What about that time in Garoh? You should've *seen* Sheba's face when-" It may have been more of an act of personal revenge, considering how it cut Sheba off from talking about a red-faced and embarrassed Jenna in Madra.

As the attention shifted to the story of how Isaac had led his group to defeat the living statues in the Altin mines

(complete with how Gareth's temper tantrum brought down a massive boulder to chase them), Piers leaned slightly to the side, resting one arm heavily against the chair's armrest. "It was a good idea, having this reunion. We should all do this more often," he said quietly. It sounded almost like a reassurance.

Felix sipped absently from his glass. He'd have to find something stronger to drink later. "Do you think they-? Did I-?" He shook his head as the words refused to come out. *Would they be proud? Did I do the right things?*

There was another pause. "We all make mistakes, Felix." The Venus Adept tensed at the overused expression. *Don't tell me that!* He'd heard it too many times for it to mean anything anymore. *Don't you say it, too!*

"However, I doubt any of yours could have made them any less proud."

Another toast was being made. To those they met, fought, and befriended. To the towns they passed through, rested in, and saved. To those who, without having helped in some way, the world could never have been revived.

To the memory of those who gave their all, and never saw if it was worth it...

He realized he had been holding his breath, and he now slowly released it in sad relief.

"Thanks."

&&&&&&&&&&&&&

The End

&&&&&&&&&&&&&